Cheese Dick Means I Love You In Ghost Speak And That's Okay by stregadellaluna

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Summary:

Vlad is trying to teach Danny how to use Ghost Speak. Things- spiral from there.

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1. Cheese Dick Means I Love You In Ghost Speak

Author's Note:

in the beginning....

Vlad sat back and watched Danny try and concentrate, his brow furrowed and his lips moving to try and sound something out in his mind.Sunlight was pouring in from the grand window next to their table in his private library, making Danny's hair shine gently and his eyes dazzle some bright color between blue and electric green. Vlad tried his hardest not to stare. They were here for Danny to train, not for... ridiculous things.

Education was all a part of their training regime, even if Danny wasn't much fond of it. He was a smart man, but stubborn. They'd been training together for multiple years now and this was one thing they just could not seem to tackle. But he'd made a promise, they *both* had made a promise, and he wasn't going to give up just yet. He took another sip of his tea before setting it down and retying the bun his hair had fallen out of. They'd been at this for a while now and he could tell Danny was getting frustrated.

"I don't understand," Danny said for what felt like the hundredth time. He felt like he'd never be able to understand Ghost Speak, it was all just gibberish to his ears.

"Þคᖷพ๏," Vlad said, ever patient, which seemed like a miracle to Danny. Especially with how often he got things wrong. But Vlad was different now, less hellbent on revenge and more willing to help. While they still argued sometimes, and had spats and shouting matches, it wasn't *always* fighting and violence anymore. Vlad had given up on killing Danny's father and courting his mom, instead settling into the truce they'd made and finding other schemes to focus on.

"Sound out the vowels slowly, Daniel, and put the right emotion behind them. You'll get it."

He made an impressive teacher when he wanted to be. Danny very

much appreciated Vlad's help. Sure, they'd long since made a truce and became friends, but... he didn't have to be so patient with him. So kind. It was near jarring to see Vlad so caring and casual at times. It was a completely new side of him to see and it did funny things to his heart sometimes. A lot of funny things. He may or may not have totally fallen for Vlad by this point. Maybe.

It wasn't exactly something he planned to tell anybody. The age gap between the two of them still looked outrageous from the outside, even though they'd already discovered that halfa's aged at a much slower pace than humans. Danny was forty now, by human standards, but physically he was closer to twenty. Vlad closer to thirty-two than seventy. And from the inside, from people that knew them both, well... It didn't matter that it's been twenty-six years, his friends and family were *still* wary of Vlad. His parents had never really gotten comfortable with the concept of halfas, never fully letting go of their biased view of ghosts. They said they loved him no different than before- but the tension was still there. And when they'd found out about Vlad being Plasmius- they hadn't spoken to Vlad since.

And there was no way Vlad would ever like him, just a dumb kid still trying to play hero. Especially when he still couldn't grasp the basics of a language he'd been learning for nearly a decade now.

"Ђ𐌺𐌺𐌺𐌺𐍆𐌵𐌵๑, " he tried to say. He wasn't quite sure he even knew what he was saying, but at least it sounded *something* like Ghost Speak. Which was better than what he'd had before. He was making some type of progress at least.

"Excellent," Vlad said with an encouraging smile. "You *are* getting better, little badger, I promise."

"Doesn't feel like it," Danny moped. "I don't even know what I'm saying! I'm just trying out random phrases! Vlad, I don't think I'll ever learn this."

"Nonsense," Vlad insisted, shifting in his seat and leaning closer to flip open yet another text of Ghost Speak. "It takes time to understand, Daniel. And I mean that. Ghost Speak is nearly completely different from all human languages. It will take time." He

leaned in very close and looked Danny in the eye. “But I believe in you, little badger.”

“Alright, alright,” Danny said, a hint of a blush staining his cheeks as he looked away. “Let’s just get to work then, fruitloop.”

“Astounding,” Vlad drawled with a smirk, “I never thought I’d see the day, the great Daniel Fenton voluntarily getting back to his studies. It must be a miracle.”

“I’ll show *you* a miracle,” Danny grumbled after sticking his tongue out at Vlad. “No one’ll ever figure out how I got my foot so far up your ass.”

“Oh, yes, a spectacular threat that I’ve never heard before,” Vlad snarked. “Now, let’s get back to the matter at hand, shall we?”

Danny groaned and let his head fall to the desk, “I don’t wanna learn the same damn phrase, Vlad. Can I at least try and say something else?”

Vlad chuckled, “Fine, fine. Pick something then.”

Danny perked up, “Yes!”

He poured over the texts in front of him, looking for something that’d be cool to try. Unfortunately for him, it all looked unintelligible and no matter what he wouldn’t understand anything. So he picked something at random.

“ϛђєคгร ๔เк !” he shouted, hoping it was something that at least made sense.

Vlad nearly fell out of his chair he was laughing so hard.

“What! What’d I say?!”

“You-,” Vlad tried to say between laughs, “You said- I can’t. Ha!”

“Vlad! What did I say!?”

Vlad finally calmed down enough to talk coherently and just smirked

at Danny, “I suppose you’ll just have to learn and find out.”

Danny stuck his tongue out and decided to retaliate by saying as many random phrases he find, hoping one of them was an appropriate enough insult.

"๓๏๏Ŧєภ ๔เк! คภคต๓ค ๔เк! ฬคђЂค ๔เк!"

Vlad was laughing at him again so he figured he wasn’t on the right track. If he couldn’t insult him then he could try embarrassing him. He flipped to a different page, this one decorated with roses, which seemed promising enough. He changed his tone, knowing that effected the language, and set about trying to say some sickly sweet pet name without blushing too much himself. Maybe he could also get away with confessing without… really confessing. If it went horribly he could truthfully say he didn't know what he'd said and then hide away in the Realms for like, three hundred years.

"єץ ฬ๏ฬє ץย," he said softly, hoping that would make Vlad shut up already.

It did. Vlad sucked in a sharp breath and his face was almost instantly covered in a bright blush. He coughed and turned around from the table.

“Vlad? Vlad, what’d I say? I’m sorry, did I say something bad?”

“N-no!” Vlad stammered, still not facing Danny. “It’s alright, you- you didn’t know what you said. It’s okay.”

“Vlad,” Danny said sternly, “it’s not okay. What did I say?”

“You, ah,” Vlad rubbed a hand over his mouth before repeating the phrase, “You said ‘єץ ฬ๏ฬє ץย ’”

“And what’s it *mean?* ”

“It *means* ,” Vlad said quietly, hesitantly, “…‘I love you’.”

“Oh.” Danny sat back in his chair, blushing and hiding his face in the edge of his hoodie. His pulse rushed and his heart hammered underneath his ribs. He hadn’t meant to go *that* far, *fuck* . “ *Oh.* ”

“Yes,” Vlad agreed. “ *Oh.* ”

Neither of them looked at each other, both avoiding the other’s gaze and hoping their blushing went unnoticed. Vlad… Hadn’t heard those words in so very long time, from anyone, let alone from… Let alone from *Danny* of all people. There was a silent pause before Vlad attempted to salvage their study session.

“Well,” he said with a clap of his hands, “let’s just- let’s get back to it, now-“

“Vlad,” Danny interrupted him weakly. He gulped, knowing this has been burning in his heart for far too long now. He didn't know where the rush of courage came from, the certainty, but he needed to say this, to confess, before he exploded. The consequences be damned. Now wasn’t the best of times but no one ever said Danny had much tact anyway.

“ɛᛦ ฬ๏ɯɛ ᛦʏ ”

Vlad took another sharp breath in, not believing what he was hearing.

“Daniel-”

“S-sorry,” Danny tried to stutter out, immediately regretting everything. The blank look on Vlad's face said it all, he didn't need to stay for whatever happened next. “Sorry- I’ll just- I’m just gonna-,” he stood and gathered his scattered papers, packing up so he could leave as soon as possible. He knew it was a bad idea saying something like that. Vlad may have been a patient teacher, but that didn’t mean he held feelings for Danny. And now he’d ruined it all and made it awkward. Three hundred years wouldn't be nearly enough.

“Daniel,” Vlad said a bit more sharply this time, making Danny freeze on the spot. His eyes widened before he closed them in resigned fear.

He felt fingers skim along his cheek and he looked up into Vlad’s face. His breath caught when he noticed how close they were, inches away, and the look in Vlad’s eyes was captivating. There was no anger, no disgust, no pity. It was something else entirely and it

rooted Danny to the spot.

"Daniel," he said again. So gently, the word brushed against Danny's lips in the ghost of a touch. They were so very, very close. Danny couldn't breathe.

"єγ ωѳɯє γυ ƈѳѳѳ."

That sentence alone seemed to click within Danny's mind and he surged forward to press his lips to Vlad's, his eyes fluttering closed and a breathless giddiness surging in his chest. Vlad laughed against the kiss and wrapped his arms around Danny, holding him close.

When they broke apart, Vlad smiled and whispered, "'єγ ωѳɯє γυ ƈѳѳѳ' means 'I love you, too."

"And you mean it?" Danny asked, face hidden in the crook of Vlad's neck.

"Yes, badger," he soothed. "I do. I really, really do."

Danny whined and thumped a hand against the other's chest. "Stop. You'll kill me. You weren't supposed to like me back. You'll make my heart stop."

"Hmm, well it's a good thing you're already halfway to the grave," Vlad murmured, "because I don't plan on stopping any time soon."

"Cheesy asshole," Danny mumbled.

And that, for some reason, set Vlad off into a laughing fit that shook them both where they refused to let go. Even as Vlad nearly fell over from where he struggled to breathe through the laughs.

Danny smiled bemusedly through it all, just happy to hold the other man close. Maybe someday he'd learn what he'd said to Vlad earlier, but for now he was pretty content to know one phrase and one phrase only.

2. Cheese Dick Isn't The Only Way To Say I Love You

Summary for the Chapter:

Sappy like a walk in the park.

It shouldn't have been that big of a deal, honestly. There was nothing stopping him, nothing that said he couldn't just… reach out and… take it. They weren't in public, they had already confessed their mutual feelings to each other, and they had agreed to date since a week ago. If Vlad didn't want to, he could pull away and Danny would back off. That would be fine. But first… he had to grab it. The only thing stopping him was his own nerves.

Danny continued staring steadily at Vlad's hand as they walked through the Gardens (capital G) of his mansion.

Usually, Danny really enjoyed walking through the expansive swathes of flowers and forestry that surrounded Vlad's house, especially at night where he could see the stars. Just like they were doing tonight, but he couldn't focus on much else aside from wanting to hold Vlad's hand and being nervous about it.

His bare feet tapped against the pavement of the path they followed, ice collecting under his toes where his powers seeped out before melting away again, the heat from Vlad's own feet making it dissipate. It was one of the small ways they could let their excess of ectoplasmic energy out without wrecking anything and it felt nice besides that. Pink light bobbed ahead of them, a ball of Vlad's ectoplasmic energy leading the way through the nighttime gardens. Danny vaguely paid attention to the sounds around them; chirps and crickets and the occasional deep hoot of an owl. Fireflies danced around them, but his attention was drawn back again to the hand dangling beside him. Just out of reach.

Vlad was silent in a comfortable way and he was dressed disarmingly casual. It was always odd to Danny to see him without a suit, even so many years after their friendly truce began. And yet he still seemed to make sweatpants and a plain t-shirt look elegant. Hell he wasn't even wearing any shoes and Danny *still* felt underdressed in his red

hoodie and baggy jeans. Maybe because they were designer? He didn't really know or care too much, only that whatever the reason it was still *completely unfair* to look that nice in casual clothes.

And he still couldn't work up the courage to hold Vlad's hand.

Danny kept his hands shoved in the pocket of his hoodie and tried to give himself a pep talk, so that, maybe, he'd achieve something other than walking in silence next to Vlad. *You can do it, Fenton. You've beaten bigger and badder ghosts, holding Vlad's hand should be nothing. A walk in the park. Haha, that's funny because we are kind of walking in a park and- focus! Just… Grab his hand already! It's right there!* The pep talk wasn't working so much.

He felt giddy like he never had before, and he'd felt that way all week. It was a wonderful feeling and he loved being around Vlad. He was smart and always sharp, their now friendly banter was infinitely entertaining, and now that he was done being the bad guy, he was decently nice. Vlad was patient and a complete sap and he understood better than anyone else in the universe what Danny was going through as a half-ghost. He enjoyed spending time with Vlad and it still made his heart almost skip a beat when he thought about the fact they were dating.

Now, if only he could *hold his hand* .

There was nothing stopping him. They'd already *kissed* in the library for goodness sake and Vlad had already made it clear he was open to affection. Every time Danny had visited thus far this week he'd been greeted by a happy kiss on the cheek. They'd sit closely and smile and talk. And every time Danny left he'd return Vlad's greeting with his own kiss on the cheek in farewell. Sure, they were taking it fairly slow, but it was sweet and it was nice and he really, really didn't mind. But *this* was taking it to an entirely ridiculous level. There shouldn't be anything so nerve wracking about *holding hands* . And yet, here he was, agonizing about it all and still not making any progress.

"Daniel," Vlad spoke softly, interrupting his disgruntled thoughts.

"Vlad?"

“Would you- ah-,” Vlad was stuttering (*stuttering*) and blushing (*blushing*). “Would you…?”

Danny was nearly in a daze when he asked, “Would I, what?”

“Would you mind if I-,” he shoved his hand in Danny’s direction and looked away, rubbing at his face and covering his blush with his other hand. “Please?”

“You-,” Danny stopped walking. “You want me to… hold your hand.”

Vlad made a strangled groaning noise, clearly embarrassed. “Yes.”

Danny’s grin spread wide across his face as he happily snatched up the outstretched hand. He swung it around in his overly giddy state and gave Vlad a quick peck on the cheek before tugging him down the garden path again. He entangled his fingers with Vlad’s and looked up at the stars for the first time that night. They were bright and they were beautiful.

“Aw, are you blushing?” he cooed, his steps light and his tone teasing.

“Hush, you,” Vlad grumbled back good-naturedly, trailing behind Danny at a slightly more sedate pace, but never letting go.

Vlad’s hand was warm and heavy against the cold of his own and he relished in the comforting feel of Vlad’s thumb rubbing circles against the back of his hand. He leaned into the other, bumping shoulders with him and his grin still stretched across his lips. His cheeks felt warm from his blush, even though the cold of his core would have prevented that. In that moment it felt like his smile might never go away, and he kind of hoped it didn’t. He was happy. Light. He felt like laughing.

When he looked back over, Vlad was grinning too.

Author's Note:

> cheese dick, he said cheese dick. along with other great hits such as- muffin dick, banana dick, and water dick. ghosts just really like dick-based insults.